

E. H. Smith

THE PIVOT

FACULTY NUMBER



April

1921

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Newark, N. J.

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THE PIVOT



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No. 6

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THE TECHNICAL CURRICULUM

It was with mingled feelings of astonishment and regret that the writer beheld in a recent announcement regarding the high schools of Newark, the statement that "the technical curriculum may not long survive." This course of study has been pursued by an increasingly greater number of pupils year by year since the school was first opened. It has had much to contend with in the way of misunderstanding as to its aims and purposes. This can be cleared away only by comparison with other curricula offered in the high schools of the city, a process which is proverbially odious. But in the broadest possible spirit, the unprejudiced observer cannot fail to note that the idea of a technical or manual training secondary curriculum arose from a dissatisfaction with the then existing state of the case in secondary education.

It is a fact that of men and women now living, a large majority "graduated" from high school hopelessly unequipped to *do* anything. At best it could be said that they were prepared to continue further the pursuit of studies on which they were then engaged. Only a "liberal" college afforded the opportunity to do this. Those who, for economic or other reasons, were precluded from college attendance were under the necessity of beginning their education at the bottom of their chosen vocation. It was *assumed* that in some mysterious fashion the study of the classics or modern languages, combined with a year or two of puzzling over certain traditional mathematical problems, afforded power to meet new situations. Evidence for this was cited in the instances of occasional students who, having achieved an enviable high school record, were known to have met with success later in life. The number of failures was conveniently overlooked. But this ever-increasing number made its impression on the public mind, with the result that technical high schools

and independent technical schools, semi-collegiate in character, sprang up all over the country to supplement the work of the Engineering Colleges.

In spite of all bombastic talk to the contrary, a traditional reputation for respectability still looms large in the eyes of a goodly portion of American citizenship, even when it will not bear analysis. The name "college preparatory" has a respectable ring. The student who pursues this curriculum imagines himself in a superior state of existence. He does not realize that a curriculum which assigns $10\frac{1}{2}$ out of a possible sixteen counts to the study of the languages, leaving $5\frac{1}{2}$ to be divided between mathematics, biological and physical sciences, social sciences and the useful arts—that such a course is hopelessly lop-sided. He does not realize that respectability has no necessary relation to ability. Instead he all too often takes a false pride in the inutility of his manner of passing the time. This absurd curriculum is merely the vestige of the thought of a century or so ago—that all serious schooling should be preliminary to the study of philosophy and theology—the best contributions to which were to be found in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. For many years, American colleges in the East have bolstered up the idea by a stated list of requirements including the same predominance of linguistics. It is noteworthy, however, that in recent years, at the earnest solicitation of secondary school authorities, this policy of fixed entrance requirements for colleges has undergone a profound modification. Comprehensive examinations, intelligence tests and the like have opened the way of freedom in secondary preparation. Thus is removed the last vestige of excuse for criticism of the technical course on the ground that it does not prepare for college.

(Continued on page 26)

FRENCH

Why study French? This is a question which has been asked me so often that I thought it would be rather interesting to ask my own pupils just why and how they had selected French for their foreign language. I put the question to several of my classes and asked them to answer honestly without any thought of pleasing the teacher. The answers were exceedingly interesting. In a few cases it seems to have been chance that decided the choice, but in most cases it appears to have been deliberate forethought or advice from an older and perhaps wiser person. One pupil says: "I saw French more and heard more of it than any other foreign language. That made me want to study it." Another answer is: "I selected French for my foreign language because I think that without a knowledge of French one is really not well educated in these times when French permeates our conversation and literature." Another states: "I came across French so often in plays and books and heard people use French words and phrases that I did not understand that I decided to study it." And another: "I thought French was the language from which I would derive most benefit. I heard that French was very interesting as well as useful, especially during the war, when everybody was talking about France and the French language." Such was the tone of nearly all the answers I received.

Another question I asked was whether the pupils felt that they had already derived any benefit from their study of French. Among the answers I received were: "I think my slight knowledge of the language has already been worth while, for in nearly every book I read I come across French words and phrases which have a meaning for me now and make my reading interesting."

"I have found it extremely worth while, if for nothing else than the pleasure of studying it."

"It has improved my English grammar and enlarged my vocabulary."

"It has taught me many English grammatical constructions which were never clear to me before."

"In music it has given me the clue to pronunciation of the names of composers and musical terms."

"I now enjoy a privilege denied to many pupils; I can correspond with my aunt in French on various topics."

That is what the pupils themselves think. Not one regrets having taken up French in preference to any other foreign language. Even those who are very weak in it are glad that they know something about French. Certainly, then, it is not a mistake to urge other pupils to take up the study of French. Of course, I put English first. If you don't know the

language of your own country, you have no right to be proud of your knowledge of languages. But after that consider French. We follow French fashions, admire French art, like French cooking; why should the riches of the French language and literature be closed to us? It is only when we read a fine book in the original that we really understand it, and then we can conceive how much such a work loses by translation. How true it is that French words, French phrases, allusions to French people and places pervade our English literature!

It has become so common that French writers themselves have remarked on it. Recently there appeared in a French newspaper an article discussing the growing use of English words in the French language in which the writer states: "The purists who deplore this invasion may console themselves by bearing in mind that this invasion is taking place vice versa just as widely. One need only read a contemporary English novel or turn the pages of a recent English dictionary to perceive how numerous are the modern French words and expressions used by our neighbors; such as for example: *à la carte, à la française, à la mode, au revoir, esprit de corps, rendezvous, sang-froid, savior faire, comme il faut, tête-à-tête, etc.*"

Doesn't it give you a little thrill of pleasure and satisfaction to be able to say, "Oh, yes, that means so and so, is pronounced thus and so, comes from such and such a book; we read it last year." Pupils have come to me many a time to tell me of the unexpected pleasure they have derived from just that sort of thing. It is like meeting an old friend in unexpected places. Isn't that a treasure to store up in the treasure house, "Where thieves cannot break through and steal?"

Aside from the mere cultural value, has French no practical value? Are there not thousands of firms in this country that have business relations with French firms? This correspondence must surely be taken care of by Americans who know French. In all probability the business relations will tend to increase even more since the war. I have frequently translated business letters from an Italian firm. Every letter sent by that Italian firm was in French. It is a well-known fact that in Russia, India, China, foreigners often find French their only means of communication, because it is so universally studied in Europe.

During the Great War we thought it worth while to protect France and the ideals she stood for; surely a first-hand knowledge of the language and thought of these people is also worth while.

ELIZABETH UNDRITZ.

THE PIVOT

OUR DRAMATIC ORGANIZATION

The necessity for dramatic appreciation and expression in the training of adolescent youth becomes increasingly apparent to the modern educator. Its value lies in evoking a spontaneity of thought reflex. It develops the imagination and a nascent power of thinking in character other than the character's own. It teaches, moreover, the value of imitation. With regard to imitation, Pater says aptly, "It enters into the fastness of character; and we, our souls, ourselves, are forever imitating what we see and hear, the forms, the sounds which haunt our memories, our imagination. . . ." An appreciation of the aesthetics, and an imitation of them by our boys and girls encourages the feeling that the goal in education toward which we strive is nearer attainment.

With this thought in mind, our dramatic society, The Barnstormers, has had a rebirth—not a Renaissance of old ideas of presentation for personal glory—but, in truth, a rebirth with purer and cleaner ideals: to read, to study, to produce the best modern drama that has been written. So doing, we will be imitating the deeds, the feelings, and the emotions of real people actuated by real motives; and we will ourselves become real men and women. In furtherance of this educational principle, we have chosen for production two short plays, in which our characters are sternly realis-

tic, our scenery and costumes modern, our lines beautiful in thought, suggestion, and phrasing.

We have selected with great care and regard for special aptitude the personnel of our casts; and now after presentation are rather pleased with the result. The members of the casts appreciated the necessity of playing in character. They attempted to experience the thoughts and emotions of the persons they represented with due regard to self-repression and the danger of over-acting.

Just a word about the plays. The Playroom is a very sweet and entertaining fantasy, rich in words and expressions of beauty and color, with a trace of the bewitching imagery found in Barrie. Lady Gregory's "Rising of the Moon" is a sympathetic delineation of Irish character and humor, full of tense situations and colorful atmosphere.

These two plays mark a departure from the usual secondary school presentations. The crude and slipshod farce, the slap-stick and buffooning offered some amusement to the spectator, but its cultural and educational value was *nil*. The plays were given on the evening of March 16th, and met with singular success. They are to be followed, at regular intervals, with plays of similar character.

SAMUEL B. LESSER.

CONCENTRATION

Some people can do more in an hour than others can in a day. Some students can learn a lesson while others are finding the page. This faculty of speeding up is well worth cultivating. Speed may not be paramount, but it is important. Time is money. Money is power. Time is one of the measures of life, and most of us love life better than all else. The power to concentrate, to put all, all we have into what we are doing, is a good thing; but how do we get this power?

The answer is not easy, but I shall attempt to give it in part.

First: Don't loaf. Rest, lay off, sleep, recreate, when necessary, but never loaf on work. Work fast and rest long. Each makes the other a pleasure.

Second: Do one thing at a time. Confusion is the enemy of speed, the assassin of efficiency.

Third: Time yourself. See how long it takes to read a page or memorize a stanza, and then go out to beat your record.

Fourth: Work for results, not ratings. Aim to do things, not to seem to do them. Playing the game is better than beating the game.

Fifth: Keep going. Don't be satisfied with past performances. Don't rest on your laurels. Go out for more. When you let up you begin to run down. Do something hard every day.

Sixth: Take good care of your body. It is the only one you can have in this world. If you damage it, you may patch it up, but it won't be like new.

Seventh: Learn to enjoy work. Work done is victory. Cultivate the triumphant spirit. Let victory be your delight. Pleasure is not a direct product. It is always a by-product. Seek it, and you lose it. Seek something worth while and you can't avoid pleasure.

O. W. SNODGRASS

THE PIVOT

SPANISH—THE LANGUAGE OF GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR AMERICANS

The economic situation created by the World War has centered attention on Spanish and Spanish America, arousing enterprising Americans to an appreciation of the glowing opportunities which the countries to the south of us offer for the investment of American capital and American ability.

Of course, now that the war is over, there will be keener competition for the markets of our neighbors, and if we are to hold the trade that came to us by an economic condition over which we had no control, we must awake to the realization of the possibilities of teaching our young people the language of Cervantes.

Spanish is a living tongue. It is spoken by more than 100,000,000 people. It is the language of eighteen free and independent nations of this hemisphere, all earnestly engaged in the work of reconstruction and human progress. It is the language of nations whose commerce with the United States is worth over two billion dollars a year—a commerce that is growing steadily and will take tremendous strides when this country awakes to the fact that to develop this business we must employ the successful methods used by the Germans and the English—methods based on a thorough knowledge of Spanish and a careful study of the markets of South America. Spanish is today, therefore, the language of golden opportunities for our youth. To those merchants, manufacturers, and business men of the United States who buy and sell in foreign markets, Spanish is a need that must be more keenly felt as the relations between this country and Spanish America becomes more intimate.

It is, indeed, the golden language of opportunity for the electrician, the mechanic, the civil engineer—the man who needs it to work in those countries where his ability is quickly recognized and eagerly sought after. The teacher needs it in order to work in the schools of Spanish-speaking countries, where the educational methods of the United States are so much admired.

There are a vast number of translators, interpreters, traveling salesmen, clerks, stenographers, bookkeepers and others in almost every line of work earning good salaries because of their knowledge of Spanish.

In order better to grasp the remarkable opportunities offered to the United States in its trade relations with Spanish America, let us consider the situation.

In 1916-1917 the United States bought and sold in trade with Spanish-American countries merchandise to the value of the magnificent total of \$1,545,500,355. The average total of ten or twelve years ago was half a billion dollars, or one-third the amount.

Of course, this enormous increase in the trade relations of the United States with South America was largely due to the World War, which eliminated the European Powers as competitors in the markets of

Central and South America.

Whether our advantage will continue now that the war is over will depend largely upon the attitude which American exporters and manufacturers take in the matter of acquainting themselves with the requirements of the Spanish-American field, the meeting of conditions imposed upon them by their customers, the establishment of dependable service for the transportation of goods, and the carrying on of the correspondence in a language which the customer can understand. Naturally, the merchants of Spanish-speaking countries will give preference to those business men who know Spanish.

This business of over two billion dollars a year is to be had for the asking, but it must be asked for in the flexible, sonorous and melodious language of the Land of Joy—the golden language of opportunity for the American people.

Young men and women of Newark who learn Spanish will find it immediately profitable, for it will lead to good positions and big business opportunities.

The knowledge of the great opportunities which present themselves for every young man and woman who learns Spanish has been one of the most potent factors in making Spanish the leading language in our secondary schools.

While the commercial side of Spanish has been chiefly emphasized, it has been proved beyond peradventure and it is now accepted by even the most faithful adherents of other foreign languages that Spanish as a cultural language occupies a front rank among the leading languages of the world.

Its profuse, magnificent literature, which reached the height of its glory in the sixteenth century, stands on a par at least with that of any other language.

As a matter of fact, there are many American professors and scholars who believe that Spanish from every standpoint—linguistic, literary, cultural, political, and commercial—is far in advance of any other modern foreign language.

Surely no one will deny that from the commercial point of view, just at present, as well as for some years to come, there is no language in the world which can compete with Spanish.

Any fair-minded person will recognize that a large majority of the 300,000 students of Spanish in our day have a keen appreciation of the fact that Spanish will be of vital importance and a medium of wonderful opportunity in our friendly intercourse with the growing Spanish-speaking world of over one hundred million people.

Yes, Spanish, the language of hidalgos and legends, of music and flowers, of dancing and joy, is the language of golden opportunity for the people of the United States.

JOHN J. ARNAO, JR.

INTRODUCING THE PIVOT

A PIVOT FORECAST

I am asked to "write something" for the next PIVOT.

It is delightful to be permitted to choose one's subject. I would find some topic in the school life, I thought. I did, and it suggested another—and that another. I thought, even, of things that other people ought to write for the school journal—of many sorts of topics for essays and write-ups. This contribution must be ready by tomorrow—and I sat indulging an idle fancy!

Then I realized that I had been thinking of one thing all the while—the PIVOT.

Here was my subject. But I did not square away to it as an English teacher would have done, by asking, "The PIVOT: what is the PIVOT? Ah, the pivot, or center, of the school life!" There was no room in my mind for planning my article, all the room was filled as before with articles, stories, poems, each one a journalistic bon-bon—and also, now, suddenly, with mechanical detail—type-faces, headings, display, margins, paper-stock, illustrations, rubrics, cover. It did not take long for me to plan a high school magazine such as I have never seen. Perhaps I had been planning it, unconsciously, for a long time.

I do not mean to criticize the PIVOT, which is a successful magazine, the peer of any other of its class that I know; I want to sketch an idealized PIVOT, with the idea that the dream must come before the performance—leaving the PIVOT staff to apply the test of practicality to my suggestions.

One Sunday as I strolled through the drab streets of Newark's foreign sections, I noticed how the Central High School structure lifts itself above them, a towering emblem of much that is being sought with dream and toil in this welter of small shops and overflowing tenements. I could not help feeling how great a school ours is, how it has its roots in many far places of the earth. What possibilities there must be in a school like this, what talent, genius, even, of all kinds! What possibilities in our already large body of alumni! Soon we shall be old enough to reap the benefits of their success and influence. There must be some way of keeping them and the school bound together, for the greater glory and usefulness of both.

I want a PIVOT for the Alumni and for the Evening School students as well as for ourselves. A PIVOT abounding in news items, searching out these items as college publications do, alive to the interests of everybody ever connected with the school. A PIVOT alive, also, to the aims and possibilities of our city, and identifying itself with them. A PIVOT in which the student in any kind of work can find advice and inspiration from big brothers who have preceded him into the world. A PIVOT that shows the city what we are doing and can be expected to do, and what we expect from the city. A PIVOT in which the successful

people of our city speak to us. A PIVOT that interviews the heads of foreign commerce and foreign-language journals and foreign shipping concerns and tells our students of languages how they will be able to use their Spanish or their French, so that the pupil need not spend years, as an evening school pupil of mine has done, in working in the wrong direction. A PIVOT that realizes that our students spring from many nationalities, and that they have many interesting things to tell each other about racial characteristics and customs. A PIVOT enterprising enough to get hold of the pupil who hands in well-turned paragraphs to his English teacher, and develop him and get him to produce finished work, that shall crowd out of the school journal the silly little stories and jingles that anybody can write without any real effort. A PIVOT that notices a new face among the faculty, and gives us an interview, a biography and a photograph. A PIVOT that knows that the aim of a high school magazine is largely literary. That prowls about our cosmopolitan city with an eye for the picturesque. That gives a thought to our spots of historical and literary interest. That is glad it is close to the greatest city in the world. That runs over to the museums once in a while, or climbs the Woolworth tower, or chases the shade of Poe or O. Henry about Manhattan.

My PIVOT would be purchased by every student and every teacher; if for no other reason, then because it would publish not only the spelling lists and passages for memorization, but also the courses of study (of which no up-to-date copy is available at present); the study periods schedule, showing where teachers are to be found who must sign absence slips; the book-list, the list of home-room teachers, the term schedule (in order to facilitate scheduling for a new term), et cetera. It would be purchased because it discussed in common with the newspapers, pro and con, topics like the all-year plan, teachers' salaries, the trades school, the abolishing of fraternities. It would be sold at all news stands, because it would be a factor in Newark journalism, widely known and quoted as giving the views of the rising generation on public questions.

When I had the inspirational view that I mentioned of our dear Old Lady of the Hill, I found cause for regret in her turrets and gargoyles and curley-cues—I should prefer a goddess with no lacy sleeves to beckon the black city toward that sacred hill. In like manner I deplore the typographical dress of high school magazines; it is wasteful and showy, as our schools are often said to be. Print the PIVOT on good but ordinary paper, fit the letter-press more snugly to the page—make the PIVOT, in short, more like an ordinary magazine.

CARL MORROW.

DE STUDIO LINGUAE LATINAE

Dominus Arnold, magister Latinus, omnibus discipulis et amicis nostrae scholae salutem dat.

Cum una ex editricibus huius fasciculi a me quaesivissem si vellem quid scribere in hoc numero imprimendum, magno timore et dubitatione honesta affectus sum. Sed postquam ea mihi dixit sua sententia discipulos magna delectatione lecturos esse aliquid de causis Latini studendi, recusare non ausus sum.

Itaque has causas adiungo ut vos omnes videatis cur sit bonum linguae Latinae studere:

Primum, ut mihi videtur, quod nostra lingua Anglica in lingua Latina condita est. Quot verba Anglica similia sunt Latinis! Quam facile significationem verborum novorum nostrae ipsorum linguae percipere possumus si modo exiguum cognitionem habemus linguae Romanorum! Si quis diligenter studet et linguam Latinam amat, magnum praemium et fructum accipiet, nam ex hac exercitatione cotidiana crescunt quoque scientia et cognitio linguae superbae nostrae. Plurimi scriptores clarissimi et amplissimi linguae Anglicae, Milton, Bacon, Pope, Addison, Browning, Tennyson aliique multi semper cupidi erant legendorum et studendorum operum Caesaris, Ciceronis, Vergili, Horati, Catulli, Livi et ceterorum, quod

senserunt his studiis et litteris suam facultatem scribendi ungeri.

Deinde, haec studia mentem et virtutem alunt. Ut aiunt, antiqui, *Studia abeunt in mores*. Et vere. Nam si mens nostra disciplina et doctrina non confirmatur et stabilitur, summum ingenium adsequi non possumus. Omnes declinationes et coniugationes nobis vires dant, et efficiunt ut maioribus cum difficultatibus et pluribus cum molestiis in aliis rebus feliciter contendamus.

Tandem, aliam causam habemus. Optimus quisque, omni epocha historiae, humanitatem petivit et coluit. Per linguam Latinam nobis traduntur et transmittuntur flores amplissimi et delectissimi humanitatis Romanae. Haec opera mirabilia nobis non negligenda sunt et certe nostra interest et patriae nostrae pueros puellasque verba ipsissima scriptorum et poetarum Romanorum cognoscere. Plurimi alumni nostrae scholae ad nos redierunt et nobis gratias egerunt quod se principia Latina docuissimus. Sua praemia sunt industriae et diligentiae. Quibus haec studia sunt iucunda, eis lucem splendidam et animi remissionem humanissimam et liberalissimam adferunt.

WALTER W. ARNOLD.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

During the past two years the Employment Bureau has placed over five hundred Centralites in positions of various kinds, thereby proving that from the students' standpoint it is one of the most worth while institutions in Central. Owing to the changing business conditions, it is becoming increasingly difficult to find places for our graduates and pupils.

Can You Help Us?

If you are still in school tell members of your family who may be employers, or who, at least, may be in touch with the business world, of the service performed by the Employment Bureau. Ask them to call on us when they need office help.

If you are no longer in school, you can help us, first, by notifying us of vacancies that you think Central graduates could fill; secondly, by keeping us informed of changes in your address, position and salary; thirdly, by advising us in advance of any proposed change in your position.

In order that we may be able to fill the many lucrative positions calling for experienced help, it is our

purpose to keep a record showing the salary, address and position of every working graduate. When the call for an experienced worker comes, perhaps the record will show that you are the very one for the position. If so, we shall be only too glad to recommend you.

It is our firm belief that if every Centralite would co-operate to the fullest possible extent, we would be able to place every graduate who wants a position with comparatively little difficulty. Last year we made a somewhat similar appeal to a large number of graduates and were very much gratified at the response. Many positions were obtained as a result of this co-operation.

We feel that your sense of duty to the school, together with your interest in your own advancement, will prompt you to furnish such information as will aid us.

L. R. RENTZ,

Faculty Manager.



THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL

So many auditorium orators have scolded us for our lack of school spirit that any further remarks on the subject must seem trite and commonplace. But the more we hear the lack deplored, the more certain we may be that something is wrong. Perhaps there is more "spirit" in the school than appears on the surface. Certain it is that most of the assembly speakers have had an axe to grind when they touched on this topic. They have usually had in mind a particular object rather than the stimulation of school spirit as a whole—the wheedling of a few nickels and dimes out of the unwilling pockets of the patient rather than the cure of his disease. Any physician will tell you that temporary stimulation can scarcely take the place of sound robust health. If, then there be something amiss more than mere financial inability to support the various enterprises of the school, we have not gone about the right way to supply the deficiency. It seems to me that the only kind of school spirit worth having is based on pride—pride in the school, pride in its traditions, its student body, pride in its executive and office force, its faculty and the handsome modern building in which it is housed. I'm afraid we shall all have to admit that too many come to Central only for what they can get out of it, with never a thought of what they give to the school or what they leave behind them after they have closed its doors. This lack of school spirit shows itself many ways, in a careless attitude toward the preparation of lessons, in irregular attendance, in childish vandalism about the school building, in the attempt to have a good time at the wrong time, in requests for special exemptions and privileges which if given to all would throw the school into a state of confusion. These pupils—it would be a mistake to call them students—seem to care no more for the poor opinion teachers form of them than they do for the outside activities of the school or the cleanliness and good order of the building. It is a part of their creed never to say, "Pardon me" or "Thank you." They enjoy the

fine music in the auditorium, but they never sing. Do you know anyone of this sort?

Naturally, when an employer comes to us for a promising boy or girl to hold a responsible position, this type of person is not recommended.

And yet Central has a great deal to be proud of. The intimate relation between faculty and student body is unique. Our athletic record during the nine years of the school's existence is, frankly, without parallel among high schools. Nor is the school without traditions, educational, commercial and artistic. In all the essentials that go to make "college spirit" such as we college grads used to know it, the position of Central High School is an enviable one.

A word to the upper classmen. Seniors and Juniors, are you doing your share to cultivate the right kind of school spirit in the first and second-year students? Are you taking them in hand, giving them sound advice, and setting them a good example? You can do more than the teachers can, because you are nearer to their age and are, secretly, more admired. And while acting as their mentors, don't forget that there is one matter in which even the long suffering IC can set you a good example. Every teacher knows what it is to face a battery of eager, expectant young faces new to the school, orderly, unacquainted with devices for escaping this or that, anxious to make good in their work; but there is pathos, too, in the sight, for he knows only too well that much of this high promise, of this fine plastic material for the shaping of school spirit, will soon be dissipated in the freedom of the building. Ridiculed for their very virtues, they soon fall to aping the "smartness" of their tormentors. Where there is no incentive to scholarship and no distinction in the possession of good manners what improvement is it possible to expect?

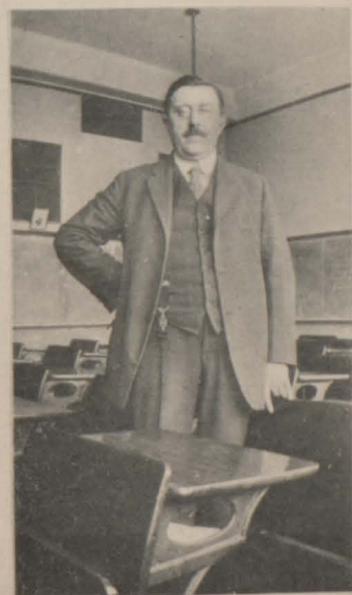
DANIEL HOMER RICH.

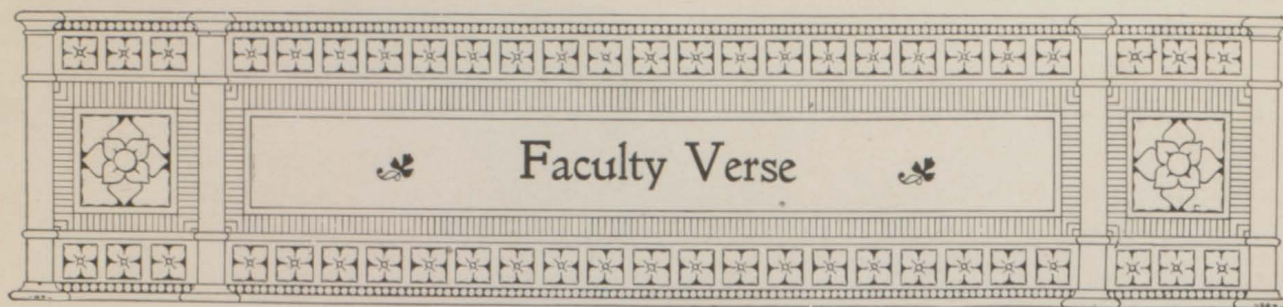
SCHOOL HOLIDAYS

A bill has been introduced in the Senate by Senator Bright of Cape May County for the purpose of regulating the legal holidays on which the public schools of New Jersey may be closed. This measure, which eliminates several of those days formerly observed, provides for the closing of schools on the following days: Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday and Decoration Day. The number of this bill on the legislative calendar is Senate No. 123 and it passed

the Senate February 21, 1921. At the time of this writing it was awaiting action in the Assembly. Without doubt this will be a popular law, both among teachers and pupils, as it does away with the necessity of remaining from school at various inconvenient times, and also permits of more regular attendance. Under the law, as presented, Central will be in session on July 4th. Then we can most surely CELEBRATE, and likewise ponder—may our thoughts be pleasant—the lawmakers have our interest at heart.

With the Faculty





SONNETS

I wandered in the vale of twilight land,
Where died the faint half-flush from cloud and stream,
And daylight left me, fading like a dream,
And shadows groped an ever-growing band.
All, all was dark! It seemed my hopes had died,
Dim-glimmering and pale with sunset's eye,
And I bethought me, "Can yon sombre sky,
Portend the peace that day has prophesied?"

Muted I stood; and sadness tinged my thought
With tend'rest ecstasy and softly drew
Tears, that a deeper grief could waken not,
As I beheld, like pearls of midnight dew,
A silvery host of stars intensely wrought,
Within a soft translucency of blue!

HENRY M. GOLDSTEIN.

Thou, Newark, with thy lusty arm of youth,
Wielded the hammer, and exultant in the roar
Of forge and furnace, shaped each fluid ore
To myriad forms and patterns. Then, forsooth,
You older grew and wiser, and the truth
Troubled your newer conscience. You could see
Yourself missing the subtle ecstasy
Of finer spirit life; and felt self-ruth.
You bowed yourself, maturer strength you spent,
Builded your schools, and lo! you were content.
Guard well these schools, O Newark, for the din
Of belching shop may sound the way to sin!
Let guidance of thy Frankensteins of steel
Be placed with those whom schools have taught to feel.

LEON MONES.

THE CLOUD

O Cloud, thou sailest in the sky
At fragrant eventide,
A silken-sailed galleon
Where dainty fairies ride.

I see their crimson kerchiefs wave,
They beckon me on high,
To sail with them the fairy ship
Across the evening sky.

So lift me up, O Cloud with might,
And let me ride with thee!
O let me man the fairy ship
And sail the airy sea!

I'll lay a course beyond the rim
Of mystic purple night;
I'll touch the moon and round the stars,
And race the crimson light.

Mayhap we'll find a fairyland,
Where other fairies are,
And drop at anchor in the bay
Of some far-distant star.

If this could be, O Cloud, I know
I'd shun my native strand,
And with the fairies of the sky
I'd live in fairyland.

E. W. TRIESS.

THE PIVOT

CENTRAL JINGLES

In a great High School in Newark
Students come and go each day;
Rush at nine A. M. to High Street,
And at three they tear away.

Up the stairs they climb and downstairs,
Learning lessons like a breeze;
Thru their Latin, French and Spanish
Couldn't tarry lest they freeze.

For they've brains, you see, at Central,
They can comprehend so "quick"
That the teachers have to hurry
Faster than the clock can tick.

Every Thursday there are Movies,
Every Tuesday brings a play,
Every Friday there's some dancing—
Functions that have come to stay.

Basketball, and gym and jumping
Contests, races, too, to run;
Class-meets, school-meets, speed-tests, cooking,
PIVOT, orchestra for fun.

Thus they keep the ball a-rolling;
Home-work, note-books, fun besides,
Thus they master every duty,
Watchful that no "six" betides.

When time comes for the Assembly,
Up they get and slip straight in,
Make their speeches, do their singing,
Keep it quiet as a pin.

Every day they keep appointments,
Pass their tests and mount a step;
Every week they climb up higher
Heights, to prove no lack of "pep."

We have 4Bs, 3Bs, 2Bs,
We have As and also Cs,
We have Seniors, Juniors, Soph'mores,
And the Freshmen thick as peas.

We have dark girls, light girls, brownies,
Some with eyes of blue, some black;
We're truly "all American,"
For no nation do we lack.

American, clear thru and thru,
With pep and vim and grace;
American in spirit,
To meet battle face to face.

So we're out to win for Central,
To surpass all schools that race,
To show our joy and valor,
And keep Central in first place.

LIDA LAVERS.

POE

World-weary thou didst roam the Sea of Time,
But oft the wind of night upon the wave
Made music in thy sail; then from thy lyre
Rose silver-tongued thy grief, O Israfel!

WILLIAM LEWIN.

FROM
PRINCIPAL



TO PARENT

Willies
Page

Central High School,
March 18, 1921.

DEAR PARENTS:

It is a habit of children to view situations and problems they meet in a very simple way. If the problems and situations seem difficult to them the first impulse of the child is to turn from them and try to get along without their solution. Unfortunately, parents and elders have been inclined to sympathize with their children in this, and either directly or indirectly encourage their peculiar state of mind. Permit me to call attention to a serious National danger that this produces if left uncorrected and uninfluenced by parents and educators. A large class of folk would be developed whose main thought in life would be to avoid difficulties and hardships, because difficulties are trying. Our Nation would lose its American initiative, which depends solely upon purposeful attack and conquest. It must be made evident to young people that it is possible to utilize brain power in clearing away mental and material difficulties. Ways and means must be offered to induce a desire for mental conquest of knotty problems. There should be developed and encouraged a persistence of obstinate attack to ensure the formation of the habit of mental persistence of attack. Continued impact of drops of water on a stone finally makes an impression. It is well for parents to inculcate in the child character and personality the ideal thought and its purpose: "Perseverance conquers all things."

Very truly yours,

William Wiener

Principal.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—"FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY"

Many and varied have been the tributes paid to George Washington, the first President of these United States. His manly character, his unquenchable patriotism, his military prowess, and his excellent statesmanship have been dwelt on at great length. On account of his ability as a soldier and a commander he has been likened to Miltiades, Alexander the Great, Darius, Napoleon Bonaparte, Peter the Great, Wellington, and a myriad of other leaders. To dwell on his courage, prudence, and patience in tactics of war, however, is not my purpose. His record during the French and Indian War and from the firing of "the shot heard 'round the world" to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown is a matter of history. Furthermore, the facts concerning his birth at Mt. Vernon, February 22, 1732, his early life in Westmoreland County, and his later days thereabouts in Old Virginia, have received the attention of his biographers. The one thought, then, that I wish to present, is the meaning of that popular phrase—"Father of His Country."

What is the origin of this expression? What is its meaning? In answer to the first question it will suffice to state briefly the history of this phrase. Through untiring zeal and steadfast courage Marcus Tullius Cicero exposed the malignant and treacherous conspiracy of Catiline. In recognition of his services to his Fatherland the Roman Senate conferred on him the title—"Father of His Country." Through the course of centuries several rulers have received this honor. By popular acclamation, however, this rank has been given Washington.

Knowing its history, let us determine the meaning of this epithet. Why was Marcus thus rewarded? Because he had protected his country from the attacks of an insidious foe. So "Father," the most significant word in that expression, means "Protector." A "Father" of one's country, however, does not merely shield it from dangers both within and without, but he also helps guide its destinies. Did Washington ever deviate from such a path? For an answer, let us review some very pertinent facts.

When Washington was a young man, his unquestioned reliance, his unsullied honor, his restrained passions, and his ready obedience to appointed superiors made him a model character. When England and France strove remorselessly for supremacy in Colonial America, his dauntless courage and remarkable abilities attracted the attention of both combatants. Furthermore, when Governor Dinwiddie of Old Virginia sought a volunteer to carry the British remonstrance to the French post, six hundred miles away, who most willingly offered his services? Why, it was the strip-

ling Washington who essayed that long, tedious and perilous journey over the rough and rugged paths of the then treacherous Alleghanies; and his dauntless courage failed not, for those messages were delivered. What a splendid example of service—of fatherhood—toward one's fellow-countrymen!

His leadership during the Revolutionary War reflected the same manly virtues. Massive was his intellect; iron his strength; determined his will; unerring his judgments, and consummate his prudence, when mushrooming public disasters seemed to crop up everywhere. Even in the midnight of our history the star of his courage and hope shone not in wavering or fitful glimmerings, but with a full and steady radiance. Failure after failure, plot after plot, quarrel after quarrel among his subordinates neither disheartened nor discouraged him. His optimism was ever triumphant. Slow but sure was he. Neither the wrath of those terrible and trying Revolutionary winters nor the varying fortunes of those hotly contested battles made him forgetful of his comrade soldiers. Their hardships and their trials were likewise his. He bore all for the sake of his country. How truly has it been said that "He was the incarnate spirit of the new world Thermopylae, driving back to their Upas fold the swarming desecrators of precious freedom!" No wonder, then, that Henry Grattan, that famous Irish statesman, proclaimed him "the greatest man of modern times." Surely this was protecting and guiding the destiny of our Baby Republic.

Under his influential guidance as presiding officer the Constitutional Convention was held. During its session the Articles of Confederation were found impossible of revision to suit conditions amongst the victorious colonists. The Constitution, which went into effect with Washington's inauguration, April 30, 1789, was then drawn up.

His penetrating vision and unyielding grasp of solid facts were manifested in his faithful discharge of his sacred obligations, when he became the First President of Young America. Here was his opportunity, if he willed, to become a self-aggrandizing, despotic monarch. In the midst of thundering flattery or of insidious carpings, Wilsonlike, he remained calm, just and single-minded. History records his humble and manly refusal of that precious, golden crown proffered by his constant companions. No Caesar was he. His mind was bent on service to his fellow-countrymen. To harmonize with the changing times, ten amendments were added, within two years after his inauguration, to that body of our basic laws. With his approval that definite financial policy proposed by

(Continued on page 27)

THE PIVOT

IVY ADDRESS

(This essay is Miss Bailly's High School commencement address.)

Custom is an arbitrary master who always demands compliance with his wish and will. It has been the custom every year for the Seniors to plant a sprig of ivy around the Church or Academy. It is not with displeasure, therefore, that we follow the beaten path which the past has provided.

In the happy days before sin entered this world, the little ivy plant was contented to creep and coil along the ground as a carpet for the wonderful creatures whom God had created. How quickly and proudly each leaf would lift its tiny head after it had been lightly pressed by the delicate sole of Eve, or trodden by the firmer foot of Adam. How eagerly the little plant would listen to the happy young couple, catch their endearing words, and hear their exclamations of wonder at each new discovery. It was not long before Eve espied it trailing along the ground, and sought for her places of rest the glades where it grew most abundantly. But, one day, a bitter grief came into the life of the happy little ivy. Hearing her leaves rustle with an unusual murmur, she looked and beheld a long, black snake coiling its way stealthily along the ground toward the sleeping Eve. The ivy foresaw danger and sought to warn her beautiful friend, but terror stopped her speech. And with the bitterest dismay the ivy witnessed the wicked temptation that destroyed an earthly paradise. But when she heard the unhappy couple peremptorily ordered out of Eden, her sorrow was fourfold, and in her anguish she called upon the fleeing Eve to take her along. With eager haste Eve snatched the ivy from its beautiful home and bore it out into a home of stones and weeds. The vine was, however, a source of great comfort to Eve during her first days of expulsion, as she tenderly nursed and trained it. But the little plant was not content; no longer could she be happy in clinging to the lowly sod—it brought back constant recollection of the loathsome tempter in Eden. Accordingly, Eve ordained that all ivy should thereafter grow upwards, and twine around the noblest works of man. Wherever an edifice arose dedicated to the various manifestations of an omnipo-

tent God, in science, in art, in literature, or in religion, there the ivy set its roots and climbed the lofty walls without in honest emulation of the mental and moral growth going on within.

Several years ago was founded in distant England an institution for higher learning, known as Magdalen College. It is today one of the most important institutions of architecture. In its halls Addison, Latimer, Gibbon, and many another famous son of Great Britain received training for his life's work. Mantling its time-honored towers and turrets is the beautiful evergreen ivy, adding the dignity of nature to the handiwork of man. From these far-off hallowed surroundings comes this sprig which we, today, are planting at the foundations of our beloved Academy.

What a flood of suggestions does it raise! The fact that it comes from one of the chief institutions of learning across the wide Atlantic reminds us how much we are indebted to the old world for the wealth of knowledge we possess. As this ivy has been known to root itself and to grow successfully in our country, so have the seeds of ancient learning and culture found good soil here, and brought forth abundantly. The growth of the vine and the spread of its leaves and tendrils suggest the enlarged mind and the enriched character that comes from a liberal education. The lasting freshness and brightness of its leaves admonish us to keep ever fresh in memory thoughts of our school and our debt to her.

As we today put this little plant into a ground far from its native soil, let us remember that we, too, shall soon be planting our feet on alien soil, amid strange surroundings. Let us not be content to creep along the ground satisfied with the meaner things of earth, but turn our faces upwards and, with strong, noble ideals above us, twine around the tower of our lives the delicate tendrils of understanding, which, strengthened by the rain and sunshine of God's love, shall mantle the structure of our deeds with abundant dignity and usefulness.

EMMA AUGUSTA BAILLY.

SOME OLD QUESTIONS ASKED ANEW

1. How many of you students have honestly taken stock of yourselves so as to know where you are going and why?

2. What have you undertaken to do in this world and why?

3. Will you have the moral strength to overcome difficulties which might beset your path?

4. Are you building character intentionally or are you merely drifting, hoping that no temptation will

complicate matters for you?

5. Have you considered seriously as to what constitutes success? If so are you fairly sure you are on the right track?

I shall be very glad to get in personal touch with any or all who consider these questions worth answering.

V. H. SCHLEICHER.

A DAY ON THE TRAIL

With a sigh of relief I swung myself into the saddle and took my position at the end of the pack train, where I could see that none of the perverse cayuses strayed off the path.

The moment had arrived! The time when I would be packer and guide once more! Oh, how the winter had dragged along and would not be hurried! But it's an ill wind that bloweth no one good, and the long wait intensified my longing, whetted my anticipation, gave opportunity to pore over the fishing tackle, mend the duffle, shop and purchase; the former an excuse to handle fondly the traps I love, and the latter, to satisfy my cravings.

"Can other people enjoy the out-of-doors as I do?" I often wonder when I plan and dream, study maps, and study authors in my eagerness to satisfy my ambition.

Anticipation is a great delight!

Yes, the time had come. I was actually on the trail! The horses had caught my enthusiasm! They pawed the ground in impatience to start.

With jangling bells, biting and crowding they hurried into position, and we were off.

Soon the great spruce forest was entered and we began a gradual ascent, in and out among the trees.

Now, the pack train halts and a tree must be cut out. It has fallen across the trail and is too high to be jumped. We pass on. Soon the ascent grows very steep. Up we go. "Look out below!" calls Mrs. O'Brien and as I spur my horse to one side I escape an avalanche! A pack-horse, a bit top heavy, fell over backwards and did a neat somersault. He is righted and we resume our journey. Oh! we come to a swamp. The horses object. They are driven with much yelling. One gets mired up to his ears and a rope tied to the horn on the saddle of my riding horse pulls him out. We plod on.

Coming to pasturage, with a brook nearby, we halt. How patiently the ponies wait to be unsaddled! What relief! They get down on their knees like old men, flop on their sides, stretch, roll from side to side and scratch and dry their wet and tired backs.

Soon the stove is set up, the dishes spread out, fire-wood chopped, and the supper is on the way.

Meanwhile four trees are cut to the proper lengths and placed in position for the browse bed, boughs are cut and carefully arranged. Canvas is spread over the greens, the tent set up with its waterproof floor and insect-proof net front and in it are put the hair mattresses and feather bed with three woolen blankets and two linen sheets. Oh boy! Do we sleep well!

Hear that sound? That's the call to supper! What do I mean? I mean soup, boiled tongue and potatoes in their jackets, creamed corn, tea and hot biscuits! Do we have dessert? I should say so! Chocolate cornstarch pudding with evaporated milk!

Gee! that was a good meal! And wasn't I hungry!

My wife is not afraid of the bears; no, she doesn't mind being alone washing the dishes while I go to look after the horses.

Yes, I found them down in the meadow by the river, busily switching their tails and grazing. They carry big brass bells strapped 'round their necks, and if during the night they wander far, I'll track them in the morning and hear them long 'fore I'll see them.

Just as I thought! My wife has the dishes done. The food is packed away, cereal is on in the double boiler and the dried fruit is soaking. Thus we prepare for the morrow's breakfast.

Camp is in order. It is half-past nine; the stars are out. There's the Great Dipper our old friend and Polaris our guide. The little bear is glittering and Jupiter shines in splendor!

Oh! How good to be outdoors again!

Hark! What's that? Don't be frightened, it's only a solitary coyote frightened, it's only a solitary coyote howling at the moon. He won't hurt you. He's afraid of his own shadow! Yes, he sounds like a raving pack, but he's all alone, so to bed and to sleep with his weird music as a lullaby.

We must get up early for we have a lot to do; to climb, study the flowers, name the trees, visit the glacier, get pictures of caribou, seek the birds, and go for a swim.

Good-night!

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

AN OMISSION

Last month in listing the literary achievements of the members of the faculty we inadvertently neglected to mention an article in the *American Mathematical*

Monthly by Mr. Webb, head of the department of mathematics, entitled "Complex Numbers in Advanced Algebra."

WINTER SPORTS IN JULY

How would you like to go tobogganning, snow-shoeing, skiing—try your hand at a friendly snow-ball battle—"glissading"—have *all* of the soda and other mineral waters you wished—free—be in Nature's pet flower garden—all these and many more—in one day and that day be in July?

Do you love roses? All the way from the delicate buds to the mammoth bloom—pure white, pink, cream, blush, to the blood red? Do you know the rose trees—towering high above the bushes and shrubs as we know them?

Is it any wonder that Bertram Holmes delights to show in his Travelogues and to tell in his lectures of that wonderful "Hill of Roses" at Shaughnessy Heights of Vancouver?

Were you ever told of the rose gardens at that "little Glimpse of England" city of Victoria?

Have you ever heard of that man who knows how and so loves Nature's beauty that he has made an otherwise dismal, deserted quarry into one of the most wonderful Sunken Gardens of the world? I mean Butcharts Sunken Gardens, a place where you could pick a thousand roses any day and still not miss them.

Before we start, in the morning, on one of the most wonderful rides in this "Country of Wonders" let's look at another city—Tacoma—where the roses grow along the streets of the residential part of the city, and where hedges of beauty take the place of the fences of the East and where—*civic pride*—lets them grow! Here is a city less praised in flower-land than Portland, the Rose City—but which makes it look to its laurels to hold its title.

Early to bed for the morrow has its charms. Breakfast, our autos loaded and we are off. There is a little mist as we speed away. What is that that sparkles like a mighty diamond high up in the sky? That is not the sun! 14,408 feet above us towers our mystery, seen for over a hundred miles at sea—and revered by the natives of America—the Indian—as Tahama—the Mountain that was God. It was nearly three miles high, covered with snow and ice the year round. That is our destination.

As we speed across the flat lands, we wonder what next? It will not be long in coming as the roads are concrete and the time limit is set at which our machine must report at the "control."

Now the rolling country is reached and we realize that the climb has begun. Past the little villages we go—through that deserted region, made so by the butchery of trees—once marvels of the world—the Douglas Firs,—and we have reached the Gate—Uncle Sam's—and we must give our credentials.

Up we go through forests of Firs which commercialism did not ruin and on to Longmire Springs.

Come on boys! Here's the soda. Help the ladies and then have *all* you can drink—Mother Nature is kind to you.

Now for the last part of our climb, and some climb it will be, too, as we must put over a mile and a half of air below us—past Narada Falls and on up—up—to Paradise Valley.

Now girls—it is *your* time.

You have equal suffrage as the last constitutional right. Now is the time to practice it!

No more high-heel shoes, silk hose, peek-a-boo waists—bother of bothers—hats—*but*—equality!—spiked boots, heaviest of socks—flannel shirts—and—breeches.

Here is *true* freedom.

There is only one thing left to remind you of the past restrictions and that is cold cream. Be sure to get it on triple thick or you will be very sorry "in the morning."

Here we are in Paradise Valley! Let's quote from John Muir, that celebrated naturalist:

"Above the forests, there is a zone of the loveliest flowers, fifty miles in circuit and nearly two miles wide, so closely planted and luxurious that it seems as if nature, glad to make an open space between woods so dense and ice so deep, were economizing the precious ground and trying to see how many of her darlings she can get together in one mountain wreath—daisies, anemones, columbine, larkspurs, erythroniums—among which we wade knee deep and waist deep, the bright corollas in myriads touching petal to petal. Altogether this is the richest subalpine garden I have ever found, a perfect flower elysium."

(Paradise Valley has more than 300 varieties, including the Alpine, massed in all colors as far as the eye can reach.)

Also from the National Geographic:

"The flowers of our mountains match the sunset skies for color, the sands of the sea for numbers, and the filmy-winged butterfly for grace."

Now for sport! The girls are ready. Did we say paint and cold cream? Never so much before.

Which first? A little snowball battle. That will be the nearest.

Just a word of explanation to our friends home. We are going "glissading." Of course, you remember how you slid down the cellar stairs when you were little folks—anyway, your mother does. Splinters? Not here, but stones, and they are worse.

(Continued on page 27)

THE PRIVATE

SPECTACLES

Pupils regard teachers as ogres at their worst and as necessary evils at their best.

Instructors look upon their students as disturbers of the peace at their best and as complacent executors of the Kings' English and his court of Earl History, Lord Science, Sir Language, etc., at their worst.

Both suffer from an astigmatism caused by the artificial conditions of the class room. Both look through colored spectacles. For a few moments, I beg your indulgence, therefore, to look with a pedagogue through his spectacles.

Left Eye

A great number of students failed in yesterday's tests. A dozen students failed to return their report cards. Another half dozen were tardy. One pupil who was and did all three wanted to know, "Why did you pick on me?"

The student world appears of a decidedly bluish tinge. Pupils seem to have set up a new "Code of Practice," viz:

1. The Etiquette of the Assembly.

(a) Talk to all your friends and acquaintances even if assembly is interrupted. Assembly comes every day, but brilliant thoughts come but seldom and should be handed on.

(b) Crowd the aisles. Avoid single like the plague.

(c) Special for cinema performances: Applaud the title, especially if the subject is "How Steel Is Made." Applaud the

name of producer. Applaud the name of photographer. Applaud everything, particularly when a scene like the execution of Nathan Hale is flashed on the scene.

2. The Etiquette of the Class-Room:

(a) Enter the room testing the resiliency of your favorite gum.

(b) Come in just as the final bell rings or a little after.

(c) Talk to your neighbor about yesterday's, today's or tomorrow's dance, if a girl; or about past, present or future athletic interests, if a boy.

(d) Forget all the rules of English in your history, science and other classes. Forget history, science, etc., in your English classes.

And so with the Etiquette of the Home-Room and the Lunch-Room and the stairways.

Right Eye

All pupils arrived on time. The "B" Class was well prepared. The "A" Class became so "Het up" about the subject of discussion that they left the room still arguing.

A graduate of several years' standing paid his instructor a visit and gladdened the latter's heart with the knowledge that he was gratefully remembered.

The student world thereupon wears a rosy hue. They seem to have another Code of Practice to enter upon.

1. Be courteous to those who are physically handicapped and to strangers in the building.

2. Be cheerful when skies are gray and dull. The optimist, on the whole, gets more pleasure out of life.

3. Accept reproof, when just. So will you profit by mistakes gratefully.

4. Be conscientious in preparation of school tasks. There is laid the foundation of all worthwhile success.

5. Show initiative and intelligence, for they work the difference between high accomplishments and mediocrity.

6. Show appreciation for the care and attention being given to home and school, for appreciation and gratitude are indeed rare jewels.

Credite Mihi, we pedagogues much prefer to wear the rosy-hued spectacles.

MICHAEL CONOVITZ.

I AM I AND THE REVOLUTION

THE ABUSED I AND THE NEGLECTED ME

A strange sight met Mr. Herzberg's eye as he called "Come in" to the knock on his office door. I, the nominative, limped in, looking very much the worse for wear, but supported nobly by his brother, Me, who appeared to be in the pink of condition. On looking closely at Me, however, Mr. Herzberg observed an unused air; some parts of him seemed too new.

"Now, what can I do for you poor things? You, I, look rather badly battered and, Me, you seem to have something wrong with you; you look seedy." Here he was interrupted by a knock and a IC walked in, saying, "Will you excuse Mary and I from recitation today? We were very busy last night with our other lessons." The nominative slumped down in his chair and was helped up by Me, who looked even more unused at the question. The girl walked out and I sat gasping and trying to talk. He was assisted by Me who broke in and addressed his host.

"Mr. Herzberg, we are the victims of mistaken identity. A great many people insist on using my brother, I, when they should give me a little work. You can see how badly my poor brother suffered when that girl abused him and did you notice that a little more dust settled over Me when she neglected me? Please tell us that our cases are not hopelessly tangled; what can you do for us?"

Mr. Herzberg looked sympathetic and said, "You boys certainly need some attention. I shall send a notice to all teachers of English in which I shall request them to call the attention of their classes to the fact that the finite verb governs the objective case even when several objects are had and the final one

is a personal pronoun. This will refresh their young minds and save you little future pains at least." The brothers seemed delighted and thanked him profusely. They stood at the door talking to him and gaining new strength and fresh courage from his humane treatment along the hall. "Now, Tessie," said one, "this is just between you and I, but I heard etc., etc.," and they passed on.

Mr. Herzberg, expecting the relapse, caught the poor nominative just as he was about to faint, and, turning to Me, noticed that he was sadly in need of a whisk broom. He took them back to his office and brought about I's revival only after promising to add to his note a postscript reminding the pupils of the prepositions' government of the objective. He kept them now for a longer time, soothing and refreshing them with his gentle treatment until they became again vigorous. Just as they were about to leave, one of Mr. Herzberg's home-room boys came in and said very sadly: "Mr. Sinclair told Jones and I to report to the detention room."

Mr. Herzberg turned quickly, but I stood it bravely and it seemed not to bother Me. "We're glad it happened," they said. "It reminded us, and we're sure you'll put a postscript to your note asking the boys and girls to let the subject of an infinitive mood verb be in the objective case. Mr. Herzberg, we can't tell you how much benefit we have derived from our visit, but I think you can see our improved condition. If we may come back some day when we need a little consolation, we would be greatly obliged. We may? Thank you, sir, a thousand times," and they skiffed merrily off.

WILLIAM DOUGHERTY.

AN ECCENTRIC NEGRO

(This is one of Mrs. Sayers' college essays.)

One of the most eccentric human beings I have ever known was an old negro who lived in my home town. At the close of the war his master sent him to Oberlin College, from which he was graduated. As he was now left to shift for himself, he chose our village as his home. He seemed to have such a good opinion of himself that he found it difficult to get anything to do that was in keeping with his dignity. At last, driven by sheer necessity, he became a junk dealer.

In order to retain some of his dignity, he decided that everyone must call him either T. J. or Mr. Archer. If anyone chanced to get too familiar and address him as Tom, he was very much offended. Of course as soon as this was known, everyone seemed to have an insane desire to call him nothing but Tom.

This led to many fights, and once Tom was in the penitentiary for some time because he insisted on his rights so much that he almost killed his victim. Since that time he has been more mild in his remonstrances. Not long ago, when he was driving through the village, some children called out, "Hello, Tom." He turned around in a very dignified manner and said, "Is you alludin' to me?"

Another peculiarity of Mr. Archer was his desire to use long words. Once, when driving in the country, he noticed a house on fire. He very calmly drove up to the hitching post, tied his horse, and knocked on the door. When the lady of the house appeared, Tom said, "Madam, I wish to inform you that the north-west corner of your domicile is in immediate danger of conflagration."

MAUD G. SAYERS.

HEAD OF ENGLISH DEPARTMENT ADDRESSES N. E. A.

Max J. Herzberg, head of the English Department at the Central High School, Newark, N. J., who spoke Thursday afternoon, March 3rd, at the National Education Association sessions at Atlantic City before the National Council of Teachers of English on "Four Years of English in the Secondary School," stressed the great importance of English as the one unifying element left in school curricula. He pointed out that in view of the multifarious interests, vocations and pleasures of people today, it was necessary to have at least a nucleus of common ideas and impressions. The subject called English provided this nucleus, and consequently furnished the likemindedness essential to a right-working democracy. But, he showed, the recent tendency in many cities has been to cut down the amount of English given high school students to three or three and a half years, thus curtailing the extent of the common interests of high school students. He traced this tendency to the influence exerted by the college entrance requirements, which allow only three points of credit to high school English, and hence seem to imply that only three years of preparation are necessary. He showed that this influence was exerted even on non-college preparatory courses, particularly on students taking technical or industrial courses, and he showed, too, that just these

students were likely to be poorest in English and to need training in English most. Mr. Herzberg cited an investigation that had recently been made by William Weiner, principal of the Central High School, Newark, N. J., who addressed a letter to many people of prominence, both educators and laymen, asking their views on the subject of four years of English in the high school. The replies were overwhelmingly in favor of English every day for all students throughout all years of the course, and Mr. Herzberg cited opinions to this effect from letters written by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President J. G. Schurman of Cornell, President Robert J. Aly of Maine, Prof. J. G. Hart, Chairman of the Committee on Admissions at Harvard; United States Commissioner P. P. Claxton, Vice-President Marshall, President A. T. Hadley of Yale, President N. M. Butler of Columbia, Dean E. R. Groves of New Hampshire, F. F. Dryden, President of the Prudential Life Insurance Co., and William T. Hornaday, the well-known scientist, as representing the sentiment of a great many who replied to Mr. Wiener. In closing, the speaker made a plea for a change in the College Entrance Requirements so that all colleges would allow, as so do now, four points of credit for four years of preparation.

To the Editor of the PIVOT:

I thought you might be interested to see how some pupils interpret the poetry inflicted on them through your paper, and, incidentally, by their English teachers. The following selection is a bright and shining example which I received in a recent English examination:

"Breaths there a man with his soal so dead,
What he unto hisself hath not said,
'This is my own mine native land.'
Whose heart within him never burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a forcive strand.

If such there breath, hark, mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High through his title, grand his name,
Bound in his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentrated in himself.
Living, shall forfeit all fair renown,
And doutly dying, shall go down,
Into the vile dust from where he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, uninsured."

Then they wonder why they do not make a passing grade!

JULIA L. MITCHELL.

Mrs. Sayers claims the distinction of being the oldest teacher in Central. She bases this claim on the fact that when she began to teach here an aunt

of one of her pupils sent her a letter addressed as follows: Mrs. M. G. Sayers, Teacher of Julius Caesar.

IN THE PIVOT

FACULTY NEWS

Among our Central teachers who are engaged in university work is Mr. P. Meyers Heiges of Room 310. For the past four years Mr. Heiges has conducted courses at N. Y. U., and at present is instructor of Methods of Teaching Business Arithmetic and Methods of Teaching Commercial and Economic Geography.

Two of the plays which Mrs. Schlarbourn has recently seen are "The Mob," by Galsworthy, and "Macbeth."

Mr. Galmon recently viewed the Poultry Show at Madison Square Garden.

The latest composition Mr. Meyerson received contained the following: "It was a misty day that night." However, he maintains that he remains single and happy and spends a peaceful life teaching our little IC's.

Miss Bodwell spent the week-end of Lincoln's Birthday with a party of friends tramping in the mountains.

Miss Helen Maynard states that her primary interest outside of Central High School consists of three trips per week to Columbia University for Handwork with its necessary preparation. Her pleasure, therefore, is restricted to an occasional trip to the country, shore, or mountains, behind the wheel.

For the first time in eight years Mr. Sinclair has been absent. Pupils! Stop! Look! Learn!

Mr. Arnao has been re-elected secretary of the Schoolmen's Club of Newark.

At a recent meeting of the Schoolmen's Club Mr. O'Brien gave an illustrated talk of his trip through British Columbia.

Mr. Hegeman would like to thank those teachers who responded to his appeal that Members of the Faculty attend the Meet.

Mr. Webb has recently been appointed Associate Editor of "The Mathematics Teachers," the monthly publication of the Mathematics Council, an organization of teachers of high school mathematics from all parts of the country.

At the annual reorganization meeting of the Newark Schoolmen's Club Mr. Webb was unanimously elected President.

The one all-absorbing interest of Mr. C. H. Mumma is to sell the PIVOT.

Mr. B. B. Strang emphasizes the importance of hobbies. He suggests outdoor sports, fishing, hunting and tramps over the country as desirable interests outside of school work.

Mr. McMillan is prominent in the following committees: Member of Assembly of 145th session of New Jersey Legislature; Chairman of Assembly Committee on Education; Member of Assembly Committee on Commerce and Navigation; member of Joint Committee School for Feeble-Minded; member of Joint Committee School for Deaf Mutes; sponsored a bill for increased appropriation for the Newark Technical School, which has passed the Assembly; introduced a bill taxing billboards, one-half of the proceeds of which are to be used to aid schools in the poorer sections of the State.

NEWS FROM THE CHESS AND CHECKERS CLUB

The Central Chess and Checkers Club held its elections recently, the following being chosen to lead the Club through the present term: President, Harold Brown, Vice President, Shockel; treasurer, Harry Zibblatt; secretary, Evelyn Wexler; manager,

Ryan. Mr. Berk still continues as faculty advisor. Miss Wexler, who was re-elected secretary, has held that position since the Club's organization. Manager Ryan is negotiating with several New York high schools for matches for the chess team.

IN THE PIVOT

CENTRAL WINS AT CHESS

"All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Junior College together again."

A new interscholastic competition was begun at Central, namely, chess. The first match, played on Friday, March 11, at Newark Junior College, resulted in a 4-12 victory for the Blue and White.

Abeles was the first to score, winning easily in about five minutes. Friedman made it "one all,"

however, when he lost soon after. Berla and Silverman put Central in the lead again when they scored decisive wins in the next ten minutes. After a battle lasting an hour and a quarter, Wohlreach succeeded in downing Skeels of N. J. C. Captain Brown and Captain Pike struggled for two hours before the collegian defeated the plucky little fellow.

A return match, to be played at Central, is now pending.

The summary:

C. H. S.		N. J. C.	
1. Brown	0	Pike	1
2. Wohlreach	1	Skeels	0
3. Berla	1	Blakesburg	0
4. Silverman	1	Sacks	0
5. Abeles	1	Feschman	0
6. Friedman	0	Steiner	1
Total	4	Total	2

Honor Roll for January

101 Dora Bruder	219 Ruth Greenfield	314 Leslie Cassidy
Georgiana Javalas	Frieda Nasanowsky	Herbert Ryan
Evelyn Sussman		
110 Elizabeth Blatter	303 Jeanne Forrester	316 Byrdine Block
	Evelyn Holst	317 Anthony Capiello
202 Eva Michaels		E. Krasny
204 Ida Ackerman	305 Beda Johnson	Thomas Perkins
206 Abe Barbash	Ruth Krueger	318 Mary Scully
213 Esther Karchmar	308 Max Goodman	320 Herbert Bradshaw
214 Charlotte Kropke	Florence Green	401 Della Posner
Hilda Loebel	Elizabeth Jay	408 Wallace Murphy
Hilda Zuckerman	Edward Jellinek	410 Edna Cann
216 Evelyn Wexler	Alice Myers	411 Lois MacPeck
218 Harriet Keller	Gertrude Schnarr	Emily Praeh
Eva Makowsky	309 Esther Barton	414 Adelaide Merritt
Bessie Malamuth	Anna Bednarczyk	418 Anna Neuhaus
	Freda Goldstein	Helen Wood

THE PIVOT



THE MORNING FORUM

This department is devoted to the interests of public speaking in Central, being not only a record of all speeches given in the auditorium, but an encouragement and friendly criticism for the benefit of our budding orators.



George Beck, "Emblematic Eagle," Jan. 10—You lowered your voice toward the end, George, and spoiled a good talk. Try to overcome this.

Raymond Russomano, "When Your Name Is Not Your Own," Jan. 13—Your first attempt was a success. Let us hear from you again, Ray.

Adele Harris, "The Superstitions of the 13th," Jan. 13—A good talk which showed good preparation and thought.

Henry Goldberg, "In the Country of the Cliff Dwellers," Jan. 14—Your clear enunciation held the interest of your audience.

Jacob Goodstein, "America's Wave of Crime," Jan. 14—Yours is one of the foremost questions that are troubling the American citizens of today.

Pauline Commando, "Women in Politics," Jan. 14—Your talk is commendable. We are now realizing the great part that women are participating in politics.

May Sud, "Benjamin Franklin," Jan. 17—Your preparation was excellent. Your talk instilled in us the glowing spark of patriotism that should be foremost in every American.

Mr. Mumma, "THE PIVOT," Jan. 17—There was much enthusiasm in your talk for the boost of THE PIVOT sales.

Rodney Burnett, "Newark Normal Game," Jan. 18—You are one of our best orators, Burnett.

Eugene Mercy, "The Dance," Jan. 18—Your talk was full of pep and wit.

Mr. Lesser, "THE PIVOT," Jan. 18—A word from the faculty is always appreciated. We did as we promised, Mr. Lesser.

Rita Alexander, "Nothing," Jan. 19—Although you spoke on "Nothing," we must say something, because you at least made an effort, and succeeded. Therefore, we will say that you chose a good subject, and showed that it was carefully prepared.

Dr. Mones, "Normal School Game," Jan. 19—The number of Centralites at the game showed the effect of your talk.

Dorothy Siegelson, "Our Infant Prodigies," Jan. 20—You had your topic well in hand, and your good delivery increased its interest.

Dorothy Mulgrave, "Today's Game," Jan. 21—We are always glad to hear from you, Dorothy, as you always come right down to business.

Governor Post, "Thrift," Jan. 21—You stirred in us a deep feeling for thrift, a desire to save, and we know that you will be welcome at Central at any time.

Morris Hailperin, "What Happens to Our Pennies," Jan. 21—You delivered your talk in a clear and distinct voice.

William Decter, "The Waste of Radium," Jan. 24—You wasted time in mounting the platform. However, your talk was of interest to all.

Sam Lerner, "Winter Sports in Canada," Jan. 24—You selected a very good subject for interesting your audience.

Anna Newtes, "The Moving Picture as an Aid to Education," Jan. 24—You chose a good subject, but your articulation was not very good.

Gussie Ostrowsky, "Penny Lunches," Jan. 24—A good selection for a morning talk. You spoke clearly and distinctly.

Mildred Roth, "Life of Chopin," Jan. 24—Your enunciation was good. The selection by Chopin increased the effect.

Virginia Stevens, "William Dean Howell," Jan. 25—If you had not hesitated after each sentence, your efforts would have been more appreciated. Your last sentence was poorly constructed.

Rodney Burnett, "The Battin Game," Jan. 26—The immense crowd in the gym, plus the victory, were the results of your talk.

(Continued on page 28)



PIVOTICKLES

MARKS

Marks are the curlicues of discrimination.

In the most comprehensive manner they are classified as legible, illegible and degree found on recitation slips.

Mark always marks time in gym., teachers mark time in the "black book" and the poor bloke who gets detention marks it on the wall.

The Chinese, to whom we are indebted for our clean and sometimes not over immaculate collars are the proud possessors of a few thousand marks which they call an alphabet and which like Heinz's 57 has become famous because of its variety. Because of Chink cuneiform, collars have been invented and laundries founded.

It's the mark on the new table-cloth that makes mother sore and the mark on his eye that makes Marcus eyesore. The bawling infant first becomes acquainted with marks the instant pussy etches a rainbow on his hand. Then the \$, which is not at all the mark of Cain, but the mark of Kale.

The first record we have of any marks dates back to the time when the cave man seized with a sudden perspiration, ruining a perfectly good slab of stone by inscribing upon it a love ditty in dactylic dimeter, hurled it lovingly at his mistress. Forerunners of Marconi, so to speak.

Then Came Hammurahi, the first dime novelist, oculist and dentist, who said, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, an Alger for a Dick Merriwell." He scribbled on stone, which only goes to prove the power of stavism.

There are also some fine marks in the library books only the fine is about 17 cents and up. But, speaking of Bertillon, in days of old the pshahs of Persia would put a dirty finger mark on a piece of parchment as a sign of authority. To-day one glance at the newspapers will tell you that the Bayer Asperin Tablet Co. uses it to identify the original. Where has the connection gone to, these 750 years?

Going on further we come across Champollion and Daniel. These two profound Egyptologists, confieres, should be markedly popular. The former obtained a headache deciphering the Rosetta Stone, and the latter for Translating the mysterious code in Kid Nebuchadnezzar's salon was served as an entree to the chop-licking lions. Was it worth it? Markedly not.

We have now come to two famous marks who have made their mark in this world—Marc Antony and Mark Twain.

Loudness symbolizes the marksman. Did you ever see that spaghetti dyspeptic with the underfed neck tie, and dawncing slippers? For your edification, this species, in understandable English is termed a sharp-shooter.

Plugged ear is the symbol characteristic of the nautical man and the cauliflower ear, the earmarks of a nobleman. (Marquis of Queensbury.) Mark how the housewife goes out marketing. First she looks at the market price, chews the rag with the dealer, chews down the price and finally eschews him altogether.

(Continued on page 31)

THE PIVOT

(Continued from page 4)

The true significance of the technical curriculum is not that it prepares for a specific vocation. It is rather that it keeps the student in touch with reality, with the necessity of adjusting his capabilities to the needs of a particular situation. A shop course can be either scientific or wholly unscientific in the manner in which the student is affected. It is unscientific if it is directed solely toward training the individual to fulfill his part in capacity production by standardized methods. It is scientific if and only if it serves to illustrate the manner in which science arises from the practical arts.

If the technical curriculum has not met with the popular response which is its due, it is because this purpose is not understood as widely as it should be. This purpose should be made clear to students who are leaving the elementary school. Instead, the impression seems to have obtained that the technical curriculum is merely a substitute for an apprenticeship to the trade of a high grade mechanic.

In the same way the impression seems to have been spread abroad that the home economics curriculum is useful chiefly for training domestic servants.

Now the mechanics' trades and domestic service are important functions to society at large. But it is of much greater importance that the young men and women of the present generation should by personal acquaintance with the problems involved in these occupations be prepared to assess them at their true value, and to meet them personally on occasion. As matters stand, the highly educated graduate of a literary curriculum in high school, or of a liberal college, or both, is utterly helpless in the presence of the janitor or the plumber, not to say the automobile mechanic. It doesn't help him much to be able to swear at the others in any one of the several languages he has acquired.

That is why only recently it was discovered that in some instances janitors have been receiving higher pay than clergymen and teachers.

The commercial curriculum has for some reason escaped deprecation. But the argument for the technical curriculum applies equally well in this quarter. As matters stand, a quasi-respectability attaches to a subordinate commercial situation, entirely apart from its relative economic importance, which, to the unthinking mind, suffices to render the curriculum worthy of survival.

If, however, it is not to serve merely as a receptacle for students who are unable to pursue the "higher" callings, if it is to constitute an integral part of secondary education, the commercial curriculum must do something more than prepare for office practice of one sort or another. It must be so arranged as to assure the clear enunciation of the fundamental scientific and economic principles which underlie modern business.

On this basis there is no earthly reason why the subjects in the commercial curriculum should not be acceptable for college entrance, due allowance being made for the direction of the students' future career.

It is to curricula such as these, which emphasize the bearing of theoretical knowledge upon practical affairs—manufacture, commerce, agriculture, and the domestic arts—that the future welfare of society is entrusted. For the past four or five years we have been hearing much of a certain type of socialism, so-called Bolshevism, which is loudly professed by the men who control such government as there is in Russia, and by certain of their sympathizers in this country. The keynote of this doctrine is its insistence upon class distinctions, its belief in a stratified order in society, and its emphasis upon the virtue of ignorance. Bolsheviks point to what they are pleased to call the indispensability of the "class" of manual laborers. Our literary curricula in schools and colleges often endorse this view, in that they train young men and women to a condition of helplessness in the presence of material obstacles. In all too many instances, by a process of selection and exclusion at the time of entering high school, these curricula have encouraged the perpetuation of those class distinctions which lie at the basis of Bolshevistic psychology. Their effect is to create a proletariat by exclusion. For years educated Russians have been known as the best linguists in Europe. Recent events have shown that they were a class, an *intelligencia*, in their own country, unable to sympathize with their own lower classes, or to act in harmony with them for the good of the whole body politic.

Meanwhile we look about, only to discover the salvation of Central Europe from starvation entrusted to the capable hands of a graduate engineer, a technical student of the highest order.

If the "technical curriculum does not long survive," it will be because it has been *murdered* by those in a position to do so, and not because it is not needed at the present time more than ever before.

HARRISON E. WEBB.

The Centre of High Grade, Home
Made Candies and Ice Cream

COUNES
CANDY
OF QUALITY

COR. ORANGE and 7th STS.
NEWARK, N. J.

END OF THE PIVOTAL

(Continued from page 15)

Hamilton was put into effect. To add to this, in 1791, the first bank of the United America was chartered at Philadelphia. Further, a tariff revenue was levied on imported goods and distilled liquors. Beyond a doubt this was Protectionism, for it safeguarded home industries, and brought money into the country—money which was so necessary to obtain credit. This measure, as every student of history knows, led to that battleless Whiskey Rebellion in 1794; our Constitution, however, triumphed in its first test. Well did Patrick Henry exclaim, "If you speak of solid information and of sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that Congressional floor."

Foreign, as well as domestic, matters received his closest attention. The famous Jay Treaty adjusting matters left over from the war between England and the Colonists; the Treaty with Spain regarding the boundaries of Florida and the free navigation of the Mississippi River; the rebuke and recall of Genet who had attempted to fit out privateers here to aid France in her war with England—these show decidedly how he guided and protected our foreign relations during the days of our infancy.

Prudent counsellor that he was, he has left us a budget of wise "Do's" and salutary "Don'ts." His sixty-nine rules for any self-governing individual reminds one, in a way, of Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac." How sagaciously in his "Farewell Address" did he recommend the extension of our commercial relations abroad, the sparing use of credit, the cultivation of peace and harmony with all, the promotion of learning and its institutions, and the paying of our just taxes. On the opposite hand emphatically did he warn us, not against all foreign alliances, but only against those that were of an entangling nature. His caution against the sacrifice of all for party spirit and the dangers of such political partisanship, was sadly forgotten but recently. His counsel condemning the formation of parties based on geographical distinction proved its worth, after a fashion, during the days of our Civil War. Any man in public life who allows himself to be influenced by the lobbying representatives of combinations and associations that try to overawe the government, would do well to pause and reflect on Washington's attitude toward such selfish, pharisaical, Puritanical, Blue-Law Sunday semblances of men. Aptly, Viscount James Bryce, a former British Ambassador to the United States, expressed himself when he said, "Washington was the ideal type of civic virtue to succeeding generations."

Washington, hence, whether he served in old colonial days the king, or, later, the people of the newly founded republic, was protecting his native land always. Truly did he play the roll of father—"A wise, a good, and a great man," as Jefferson has epitomized him. Fitly, then, may we repeat the words of Abraham Lincoln, "In solemn awe pronounce the mere name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on"—Washington.

JOSEPH ROWAN.

(Continued from page 18)

Don't laugh! Those breeches are *not* patched! No, indeed. They only have three layers in the seat—and the last one is "TIN." Excuse me, I see you are not familiar with our new suit. That is not tin but paraffine and I hope it is good and thick, too.

Now "glissading" is nothing but sliding on the "glissades" or the long slopes of a glacier—just as we used to do—sit down on the seat and slide! Fun? Watch!

Let the old-timer show you first. It's easy, just sit down. Are you ready? There you go! Spills? In all of your out-door life, never did you see so many spills. Talk about snow-shoeing or skiing down a hill with a good jump at the end—your first attempt at skating—never all these combined will compare with "glissading" or plain sliding as Nature meant you to—in a free and unconventional country.

Sun burn? Remember this is July and you are 12,000 feet or nearly two miles nearer the sun than you were at Asbury Park.

This has been *some day* and I think you better rest for the evening around the log fire.

In the days which are to follow, you may snow-shoe to your heart's desire—enjoy the thrills of skiing with jumps enough to arouse even the most blaze, and tobogganing such as only the Canadian Club know in the East. For the alpine climbers, there yet remains many a mile to test the muscles and heart.

Only *one* "don't." Don't wear those spike shoes in the hotel. They spoil the dance floor—but city costume is discarded until we leave the park.

A little rest and dinner—a little dance and *bed*.

NOTE—Mt. Rainier is 14,408 feet and before the volcanic eruption was 16,500 feet high.

C. E. MCKINNEY, JR.

Mt. Rainier National Park.

(Continued from page 24)

Eugene Mercy, "Senior Dance," Jan. 26—You are making a fine showing at extemporaneous speaking.

Celia Rogal, "Child Faces at the Restaurant Windows of Europe," Jan. 26—A very inspiring and worth-while talk.

Joseph Ryan, "The Future of the Gypsy," Jan. 26—You presented your subject in a very agreeable manner.

Eleanor Schanzenbach, "The Battle with the Slum," Jan. 26—A praiseworthy talk.

Hannah Cherney, "Oh!" Jan. 28—Your subject was well chosen, and was delivered in a fine manner.

Mr. Hegeman, "The Indoor Meet," Jan. 28—Was it a success? "We'll say so."

Marion Farrell, "The Unfinished Battle," Jan. 31—Very touching speech.

Thurland Farr, "North Plainfield Game," Feb. 1—One of the most essential qualities for a successful talk is *confidence*; this is what you lacked. A second attempt may remedy this.

Gwendolyn O'Connor, "The Seniors' Tuesday Afternoon Dance," Feb. 1—Short and sweet, Gwendolyn.

Rose Lerman, "Courtesy in New York," Feb. 1—Yours was both a well-selected and interesting talk.

Lottie Berger, "Rachmaninoff, Composer of the Famous Prelude in C Sharp Minor," Feb. 2—You delivered your talk in a clear and distinct voice.

Herbert Shapiro, "Today's Game," Feb. 2—Although your voice was a bit coarse, you gave a good, enthusiastic and humorous talk. But there is one criticism: Your pronunciation of "th's."

Esther Pasteelnich, "The Downfall of General Slang," Feb. 3—The confidence with which you spoke made us feel sure that your play would be a success, and so it proved to be.

Philip Shapiro, "The Abuse of School Books," Feb. 3—You spoke on a subject that is useful to Centralites. It showed originality and was well prepared and well delivered.

Miriam Wintsch, "The Children's Welfare Commission of Central Europe," Feb. 3—You did exceptionally well, Miriam. The quality of your voice was well fitted for your chosen topic, and we are sure your message reached the inner soul of every Centralite.

Eugene Biebelberg, "Travel and Trade by Air," Feb. 3—Your first attempt proved successful.

Minnie Glickstein, "General Slang's Downfall," Feb. 4—A good number of Centralites attended the play. Your talk merited it.

William Mendel, "An Appropriate Use of Corn Meal," Feb. 4—You convinced us that your statement was correct. It was an excellent talk, one of the best this term.

(Continued on page 29)

*"Lives there a boy so deadish
Who never to himself hath saidish
This is mine own my home grown radish."*

Now is the time that leaves fall,
But as always it is the time to plant money.
Plant \$1 in our Savings Dept.,
And make it grow during your school year.

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Other Drake Schools in New York, Brooklyn,
Passaic, Paterson, Union Hill, Bayonne
and Jersey City.

THE PIVOT

(Continued from page 28)

Mr. Snodgrass, "Indoor Meet," Feb. 4—As usual, Mr. Snodgrass, you helped boost the true-blue spirit in every Centralite.

Charles Gieske, "The Meet," Feb. 7—We must say, Gieske, that yours was one of the best talks this term.

Ida Margoles, "General Slang's Downfall," Feb. 7—A talk that was full of spirit. But don't finish your talk with "I thank you."

Bruno Berk, "Senior Dance," Feb. 8—A good, humorous talk, Bruno.

Rebecca Marantz, "The Play—Slang's Downfall," Feb. 8—Your poem was very interesting.

Lloyd Skinner, "The Industrial Situation," Feb. 8—You related to us the essential points of the industrial situation that we should be acquainted with.

David Cooperman, "Follies and Frailties of Today," Feb. 9—A splendid talk, Cooperman, and lots of good humor.

Edward Jellinek, "Frank Woolworth," Feb. 9—You gave us some interesting facts about the life of one of the well-known men of today.

Herbert Ryan, "The Radio Compass," Feb. 9—Your talk contained some interesting points about the radio compass.

Martin Simon, "The Camera Man," Feb. 9—Had you made yourself heard in all parts of the auditorium your subject, with its interesting incidents, could have been appreciated by everyone.

Benjamin Blum, "General Slang," Feb. 10—All your talks are original and are put across with pep and vim.

Rose Cohen, "The Dancing Class," Feb. 11—We hope that the dancing class will once more swell out as a result of your appeal.

Elbert Letwinks, "Lincoln's Use of the Vernacular," Feb. 11—Your talk showed a careful study of Lincoln, and was well delivered.

Anthony Guiliano, "Lincoln, the Man," Feb. 11—You had a good talk. However, a little practice would have made it more enjoyable.

Lilyan Handler, "Garrick's Face," Feb. 14—A good talk that was given slowly and distinctly.

Mr. Murray, "The Meet," Feb. 11—We feel certain that your appeal for the sale of Meet tickets and more scouts was not given in vain.

Herbert Meyer, "Are the Other Planets Inhabited?" Feb. 14—You chose an altogether too dry topic for a morning talk.

Christine Manderson, "The 4B Valentine Dance," Feb. 14—A short, snappy talk, Chris.

Joseph Moriarity, "Boy Organizations," Feb. 15—A very interesting and worth-while talk.

(Continued on page 30)

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LET THE PIVOT TALK

Samuel Poleshuck, "The Whence and the Whither of Newspapers," Feb. 15—The effect of your talk was marred because of the hesitation in the middle.

Helen Gordon, "The Profession of Pharmacy," Feb. 16—An interesting talk that benefited many students studying pharmacology.

Charles Walton, "Patent Medicines," Feb. 16—Your talk may be classed as one of the best this term, because of the ease with which you spoke and the interesting manner in which you presented your topic.

Bella Markowitz, "Valentine Dance," Feb. 16—A splendid talk, Bella.

Edward Krasny, "Pivot Tickets," Feb. 16—A perfect businesslike talk, Ed.

Benjamin Blum, "Tonight's Meet," Feb. 17—It's practically useless to criticise your talks, Blum, as they are *perfect*.

Thurland Farr, "Foods," Feb. 17—Your second attempt did not surpass your first one, Farr. What's-a-matter?

Charles Nuderman, "The Manufacture of Dolls," Feb. 17—You did not speak loud enough for the entire audience to hear you. Otherwise, your talk was fine.

Arthur Otto, "The Anti-Cigarette Law," Feb. 17—You chose a good subject, but you did not speak loud enough for everyone to truly appreciate your talk.

Michael Sokol, "Was J. P. Morgan a Patriot?" Feb. 17—Your topic was an interesting one, but your voice was not loud enough to be heard throughout the auditorium.

Sarah Stern, "The Gypsy Carnival," Feb. 17—Your clear enunciation and evident sincerity helped to make your talk a success.

Dante Arace, "The Value of Bookkeeping," Feb. 18—You chose a splendid topic for a morning talk, but you did not deliver it very distinctly.

Paul Braun, "Christian Sinding," Feb. 18—Your recital was quite entertaining.

William Helbig, "Javelin Throwing," Feb. 18—Bill, you certainly gave a splendid talk on *one* of your favorite sports.

Sylvester Klein, "Co-operation," Feb. 18—A very good talk, Klein.

Jasper Palagonia, "Pisa: An Old Curiosity Shop of History," Feb. 18—Your apparent nervousness spoiled the effect of your talk.

Bernard Firth, "Food—Its Purpose and Use," Feb. 21—You spoke only to those in the front of the auditorium. Therefore, not many could be benefited by your talk.

Ethel Grunes, "Child Labor," Feb. 21—Yours is one of the most vital problems in the history of today. A good selection.

Samuel Finkel, "Violin Selection, Delphin Dard," Feb. 21—Your way of entertaining us is greatly appreciated, Finkel. Let us hear from you again.

Herbert Hahn, "Basketball Game," Feb. 21—You could have done better, Herb; but what you said was great!

Rebecca Saltz, "President Washington," Feb. 21—Yours was a splendid talk, Rebecca.

Morris Schlain, "Early Years of George Washington," Feb. 21—You gave a splendid talk about the early life of the Father of our country.

Morris Scotch, "The Later Years of George Washington," Feb. 21—Yours was a very interesting account of one of the greatest if not the greatest man in American history.

Mr. Snodgrass, "The Senior PIVOT," Feb. 21—We always enjoy your talks, Mr. Snodgrass, and the Seniors are grateful to you for your efforts to assist in boosting the sale of PIVOTS.

David Cooperman "To Win or Not to Win," Feb. 23—You can certainly "put it across" in fine style, Cooperman. Keep up the good work.

John Glauber, "Centenary of John Keats' Death," Feb. 23—You delivered your subject clearly and distinctly, so that those who knew nothing about Keats' life could derive much benefit from your talk.

Julius Liss, "Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata," Feb. 23—We all enjoyed your piano selection, Liss, and will not be satisfied until we hear from you again.

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(Continued from page 25)

Then there is the baker who uses the trade mark to show how extravagant he can not afford to be during the high cost of paper. Some times he is so reckless as to attach two labels, but this is done, mark you, to tickle the palate as you gulp down.

The bargain hunter and big game hunter are both influenced by marks, only there is a marked difference in this influenza, for one sets them on the live skin and the other finds them on the finished skin. A fine skin game.

In French, marks are useful in that they are a means of indicating whether to pronounce through the nose, emit from the ear or gargle out of the throat. (This is excellent for keeping the head clear.) The hieroglyphics over the words in the dictionary tell you how far away you were from pronouncing it correctly.

The marks on report cards are the distinguishing features about them just as they are on canines and African dominoes. There is a kind of mark which looks like a prehensile tail and is about as useful as a German mark. No, little one, this is not a nine although it evolves into one after performing a Chaplinian manœuver. Before the metamorphosis the donner is hoped that he make a grave-digger happy—after it he is considered a jolly good fellow. Another is the pretzel-like affair which results in perfect good feeling on both sides. Marquetry and mark-of-three seems to be the chief inlay or the flunker's card.

They say it's more pleasant to give than to receive. Verily, more correct speech never was rote. You realize that, especially when you perceive that skinny 4 on your card.

It's queer but there is a marked changed in Markham's attitude, the last two weeks of the term, which marks the change when he resolves to change the marks.

In conclusion let us say that without marks there would be no reunion between doting father and cutting son, teachers would be prevented from writer's cramps, the dumb bell would shine as much as the star pupil, we couldn't tell whether we were mentally

deficient or over-developed, the entire school would forget its arithmetic and erasers would never have made a rubber. In short as helpless as a Zulu in a Hebrew seminary.

This marks the end.

JOOKY.

SAD BUT TRUE

Willie Won Cee "on the hook" has gone;
Near the old canal you'll find him.
A pair of "bones" he has in his hands,
And he tells the dice to mind him.

"Hot Seven," cries Bill, as he rolls the cubes,
And his fingers he snaps together.
He takes the "cash" of a pair of "rubes,"
"Sure, the 'ivories' like this weather."

But William's joy was a kind, unique;
Comes along the street, a Central "Prof."
On watch for "cutters" of Willie's type,
And seeing the boys, he carries them off.

Willie Won Cee is in 2-0-8,
A contrite sinner you'll find him.
"Ten nights" has caused this forementioned state,
And a note to his Dad to mind him.

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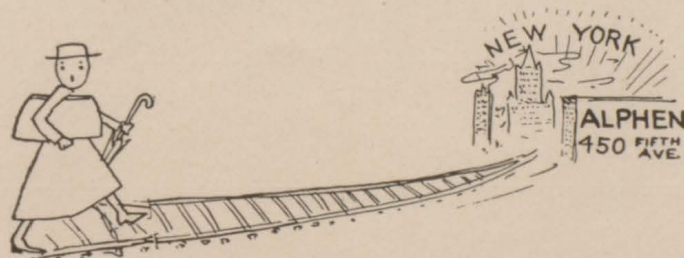
When you get this scribble
I'll be on my way to little old
Fifth Avenue.

Going to be made into a
fashionable dame at the Alphen
Shop! 450 Fifth Avenue.

Remember the last dance and
how all the girls who wore Alphen
evening gowns simply took all
the honors?

I was left to keep company
with the wall paper. But wait!
If the Alphen Shop is all its
cracked up to be and if half
the wonderful things the girls
say are true, when the next dance
comes off I'll be the queen of
the vamps.

You know your little Freckles!
What I say goes. See? FRECKLES.





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